

# Social

BY MARY GWYN WHITEMAN  
TELEPHONE ONE-FOUR-TWO

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TOMORROW'S CALENDAR  
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Orlo Club.  
Mother's Club of Third Ward  
at school building.  
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The Girls of the Younger Set.  
Here's to the girls who've gone away  
And those they left behind.  
For every one we wish and pray  
That fate be ever kind.

Years of youth so swiftly go  
We'd gladly keep them bright,  
That all the after days may glow  
With their reflected light.

The lessons learned from printed page  
May be with wisdom rife,  
And teach the studious mind to gauge  
The values best in life.

But she who notes another's needs,  
Whose life is like a chart,  
Displaying only kindly deeds  
That prove a priceless heart.

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Ferndale Review Club.  
The Ferndale Review Club met yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Bumpass and enjoyed an excellent program.

The lesson was a continuation of the study of Berlin. Mrs. S. A. Douglas was leader. Response to roll call was current events.

Several interesting talks were made on the following character studies: Frederick the Great—Mrs. Douglas; Old Kaiser William—Miss Nellie Heard.

Express Augusta—Mrs. Owen. Queen Louise and William—Mrs. Young. Bismark—Mrs. Bulard.

The club accepted the invitation of the Mothers' Club to meet with them Friday week.

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Ladies of the Leaf.  
The Ladies of the Leaf feel very grateful to the Elks, who have voluntarily, extended to the club the use of their hall for their annual banquet on next Tuesday evening.

The club had spoken of asking the Elks for their banquet hall for the occasion, but had never asked the house committee to refer it to the lodge members.

This act of hospitality on the part of the Elks is in accordance with their customary generosity and is appreciated by every club member.

Arrangements had already been made to have the reception and banquet at the Gilmer hotel, or this very hospitable offer would have been accepted.

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With Mrs. Sass.  
Mrs. Morris Sass entertained at a charmingly appointed dinner on Tuesday evening to which a number of her neighbors and friends were invited.

The dinner was a violet dinner with favors of violet design of hand painted place cards with violets for decoration.

The guests were all seated at one table and a delicious dinner served in seven courses.

Miss Geraldine McCluskey, Miss Boone and Miss Ellen Dickson served the guests.

Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre, Mr. and Mrs. Byars, Mr. and Mrs. Stonum, Mr. and Mrs. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Pohnd, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. McCluskey and Mr. and Mrs. Sass.

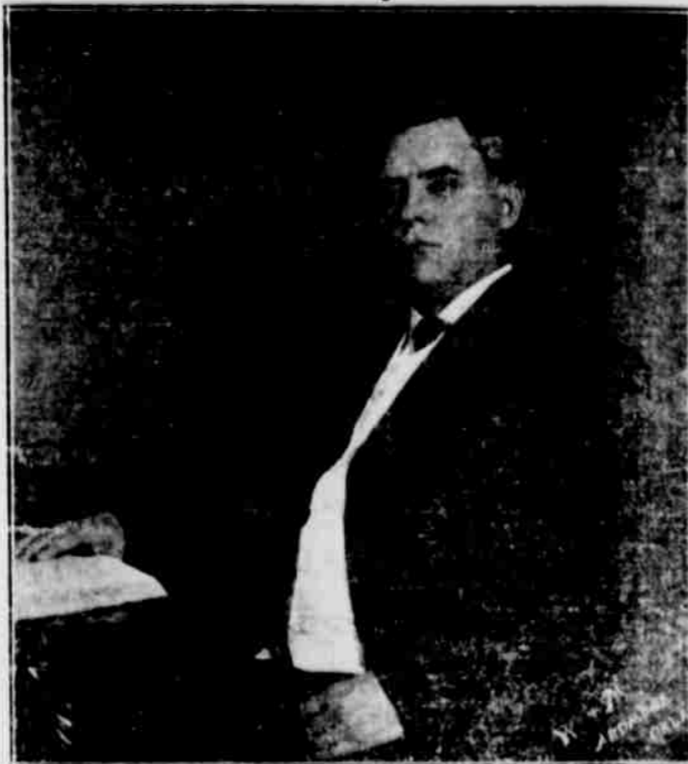
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Circle Three Musicals.  
Circle Three of the Christian church will give a musical at Mrs. C. M. Campbell's on Friday evening for which the following excellent program has been prepared:

1. Octette—High School Girls.  
2. Reading—Miss Kate Galt.  
3. Vocal Solo—Schubert's Serenade—Miss VanWormer.  
4. Violin Solo—Mrs. Richard Lester.  
5. Piano Solo—Miss Daisy Maude Webb.  
6. Recitation—Miss Thelma Ramsey.  
7. Vocal Solo—Miss Boone.  
8. Rag Time—Mrs. Hanway.  
9. Reading—Mrs. Charles Anderson.  
10. Piano Solo—Miss Mabel Warren.  
11. Reading—Miss Boone.  
12. Vocal Solo—Mrs. Guillot.  
13. Piano Solo—Miss Rachel Campbell.  
14. Violin Solo—Mrs. Richard Lester.  
15. Octette—High School Girls.

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The coffee with two million friends  
(Two million cups drunk daily)  
**LUZIANNE COFFEE**  
America's Foremost Brand

Not a near coffee, nor a make-believe coffee, but a smooth, rich, strong, high-grade, real coffee for red-blooded people who demand the best. And its price is so moderate, ASK YOUR GROCER

THE REILY-TAYLOR CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.



JUDGE I. R. MASON

## The Disappearing Eye-By Fergus Hume

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(Continued from yesterday)

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The body of an elderly woman, Mrs. Caldershaw, is found in a rear room of her shop on a lonely road by Cyrus Vance, a London playwright. A hatpin has been driven through her heart and her glass eye is missing. Vance's motor car is taken by a woman in a white cloak. The car is found later in a distant field. Vance is at first suspected. Suspicion turns to the woman in the white cloak. Miss Destiny, an elderly maiden lady, who has come to visit Mrs. Caldershaw, says the dead woman set great value on her glass eye and suggests she was murdered for its possession. Vance sees a photograph of a beautiful young woman in Mrs. Caldershaw's sitting room and declares he will make her his wife.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Face in the Silver Frame.

"I can't tell you that, Mr. Inspector, because I do not know. Anne was always very close and kept her business to herself."

"Who is the woman?" asked Dredge, impatiently.

"Who was the woman, you mean sir?" corrected Miss Destiny smartly in her turn. "I can tell you that. She was my brother's housekeeper at Burwain for many years. When he died five years ago, more or less," added Miss Destiny, precisely, "she retired with her savings to this place, which was her native village, and here set up this shop."

"Have you seen her since she came to live here?"

"At intervals, sir. Anne was a valued old servant, who I respected, and at times—say once a year—I came over to stay the night with her."

"Had she any enemies?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Was she happy here?"

"As happy as a grumbler like Anne could be. For there is no denying, poor soul, that she was a grumbler," ended the little old lady, regretfully.

"What was your brother's name, ma'am?" said Dredge, producing his notebook.

"Gabriel Monk, sir. He was a bachelor and lived at The Lodge, Burwain. I kept house for him with Anne as our servant until he died. Then Anne came here and I took a small cottage in the village, where I now am."

"And The Lodge?" asked Dredge, somewhat irreverently, I thought.

"His brother, Walter Monk, inherited The Lodge and the money of his deceased relative. He lives there now with my niece."

me explain. My sister married Walter Monk, the brother of Gabriel, and he became a widower with one child, a girl, Gabriel took Gertrude, the girl, to live with him, when she was a small child, and asked me to take charge of her. I did so, and therefore fell into the habit of calling young Gabriel my brother; but, as you see, he was no relation. And pardon me, Mr. Inspector, but I do not see what all this private business has to do with the murder of Anne Caldershaw."

Dredge sapped the elastic band on his closed pocketbook. "I wish to learn all I can about the dead woman's past," he said gruffly, "and so ask you to tell me all you know."

"I have told you all I know," said Miss Destiny, rising. "And now may I take my departure as I have a long way to drive?"

Dredge nodded. "You may have to return for the inquest," he said abruptly, "and in any case I shall come over to Burwain to ask questions."

"By all means. Anyone can tell you where I live," said Miss Destiny with dignity, "and I trust that my expenses will be paid should I be required as a witness at the inquest." Here I noted she again revealed a miserly tendency.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Dredge, and Miss Destiny, again making her queer little curtsy to Cannington and myself, was about to depart, when I stopped her with a question.

"Will you please tell me the name of this lady?" I asked, indicating the photograph in the silver frame.

Miss Destiny's eyes were too keen to require glasses, and she recognized the face at once. "Dear me," it is a photograph of Gertrude."

"Your niece?"

"Certainly. Anne nursed her, you know, and Gertrude was always greatly attached to her. She will be distressed when she hears of this tragedy. Dear me, I never knew Gertrude had given Anne her portrait, and in such a very expensive frame. Waste! Waste! But why do you ask about it, sir?"

I colored. "I thought the face was so lovely," was my reply, made in a low and somewhat awkward voice.

Miss Destiny gave me a piercing glance, and nodded in a friendly manner, evidently amused at my embarrassment. "Gertrude is as good as she is beautiful," she said smiling. "Good day, gentlemen," and she left the shop to mount the trap. Lucinda wrapped the rug carefully round her knees and the oddly assorted pair drove away.

Meanwhile Cannington—who was always much too clever when dullness would have been more diplomatic—laughed meaningly and whispered.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Cannington, wickedly.

"So you said before, and the remark isn't original in any case," I answered tartly. "What you mean—"

"Oh, of course," he chaffed softly, "I haven't got eyes in my head, and you're a Joseph where a pretty girl is concerned. And she is pretty!"

—he turned to look at my goddess—"she is."

"Oh, shut up!" I interrupted crossly. "Mr. Inspector, I am going to look after my motor car. And the inquest?"

"Will be held in this house tomorrow at ten o'clock."

This settled matters for the time being and I departed with the boy, who still chaffed me, like the silly young ass he was. "Old Vance in love! Ho, ho!" said this annoying boy.

On examination the Rippler appeared to have suffered but trifling

## JUDGE I. R. MASON BECOMES CANDIDATE

WANTS TO SUCCEED HIMSELF AS JUDGE OF THE COUNTY COURT —HE MAKES STATEMENT.

County Judge I. R. Mason makes the announcement public today that he is a candidate to succeed himself as judge of the county court. Judge Mason was given the honor of being the first judge of the county court in this county after statehood was attained and he needs no introduction to the people of the county. How well he has done his work is an open book for the people of the county. He has held court almost every day since statehood and the records of his office show that there has been an average of about five cases a day disposed of from one year's end to another. The county and probate judge has a vast amount of important work to do, in a manner he is guardian for the Indians of the county and has much to do with the sale of their real estate. This work within itself brings many difficult problems to the office of county judge.

Judge Mason makes this statement to the people in announcing for re-election.

To the Voters of Carter County:

In making my announcement as a candidate for re-election as county judge, I beg to submit to you my records, and cordially ask that you come here and examine for yourself and see what has been done.

At the beginning no one knew what to do or how to do it, but we have brought order out of chaos, and I think no one who calmly looks back over the last two years and remembers things as they were before statehood, but will admit that we have made an improvement.

In probate matters it has been my policy, and should you grant me the honor of a second term will continue to be, to open up the country as far as possible, and at the same time protect the interests of all parties. As a judge I have tried to be fair, just as far as I could see it, right.

I have done my duty as I saw it, and can only renew what I said when I first asked for election, that I will work every day, and every night if need be, for the interests of my county.

Respectfully,  
I. R. MASON.

hurt. Either by accident or design the flying lady had driven the machine straight through an ancient five-barred gate, which fortunately was much too decayed to present any serious obstacle. Across a stubble field—as the ripping and plowing of the grounds showed—the car had reeled drunkenly until, by its own weight, it was bogged in the friable furrows. Here it had been deserted, with mashed lamps, a slightly damaged front, and with a considerable amount of paint scraped off. But an immediate test showed that the machinery was in excellent working order.

It was no easy task to restore the derelict to the hard levels of the high road. But Cannington collected a gang of agriculturals from unknown quarters and we set to work. With spades and crowbars, broad weatherboards from an adjacent incomplete building as temporary trainlines, and a towrope from Trent's machine to mine, we managed the job fairly expeditiously, considering the environment. With water from the nearest pond for the outside of the car, and oil and petrol for the interior, I managed to get the Rippler into working order, although she was more or less shaken and did not run very smoothly. Fortunately the lady had abandoned her loot within half a mile of Murchester, so with careful driving I contrived to get over that distance in safety. After storing the Rippler in a convenient garage, to be repaired and overhauled, I went on the the Barracks with Cannington in Trent's motor. Here I proposed to put up until the inquest was at an end and I was free to leave the neighborhood. It was rather a nuisance to be thus publicly housed, as one might put it, for every one, from the Colonel to the latest-joined subaltern, asked questions and aired impossible theories. My intimate connection with the affair made me an object of interest to one and all. And small wonder that it should be so, for the mystery of the affair was most enthralling.

On the way to his quarters, Cannington—perhaps to distract my thoughts from more immediate troubles—mentioned casually that Went-

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DANDERINE is the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It gives light to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly, long, strong and beautiful. It at once dispels a sparkling brilliancy and softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows: "When I began using Danderine my hair began to grow again. I had lost it all in a few weeks. I had been told that Danderine was the best. I had tried many other things, but Danderine was the only one that worked. I had been told that Danderine was the best. I had tried many other things, but Danderine was the only one that worked."

Another from Newark, N. J. writes: "I have been using Danderine for some time. I had lost my hair in a few weeks. I had been told that Danderine was the best. I had tried many other things, but Danderine was the only one that worked. I had been told that Danderine was the best. I had tried many other things, but Danderine was the only one that worked."

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Danderine enjoys a greater sale than any other one preparation regardless of kind or brand, and it has a much greater sale than all of the other hair preparations in the world combined.

Free To show how quickly Danderine will grow free hair, we will send a large bottle of Danderine to any lady who sends this free coupon to the KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., Chicago, Ill. with their name and address and be in silver or stamps to pay postage.

worth Marr had left a card for him at Mesa, just before we had arrived on the day of the murder. I did not take any interest in Marr, as I had never seen him, so it was a matter of indifference to me whether he had called or not. But the boy fidgeted over the matter, as he made sure he was about to be asked a knotty question officially, as the head of the Wotton family.

"I am certain that Marr wishes to know if I will agree to his marrying my sister," said Cannington irritably. "And I don't know what to say."

"Refer him to the lady," I suggested absently.

"I shan't. He's too old for Mabel, and I don't want her to marry him in any case. I wish Weston would come up to the scratch, for he told me that he loved Mabel, and I was quite pleased. Weston's no end of a good sort, and we—that is Mabel and I—have known him almost as long as we have you, Vance. Marr's all right, and deuced rich from all one hears. But I don't want such an old chap as a brother-in-law, for all his thousands of pounds."

"Oh, very well then," said I ungraciously. "Tell him to keep off the grass, or you'll punch his head. Is he stopping at Murchester?"

"I suppose so. His card has the Lion's Head—that's the best hotel here—pencilled on it. He called somewhere about three yesterday, before we arrived, and he said he'd turn up again. I expect to find him waiting for me now, and I'm hanged," lamented Cannington. "If I know what to say."

But, as events proved, the boy was worrying himself needlessly, for Wentworth Marr did not reappear at the Barracks. On inquiry, we learned that he stayed only the one night in Murchester, and then went back to London in his motor—for he also traveled in the latest vehicle of transit. I only mention these apparently trivial facts because they form certain links in the chain of evidence which led up to the discovery of the amazing truth. Meanwhile, not foreseeing the importance of trifles, I was rather annoyed with Cannington for babbling. My mind was far too much taken up with the mystery of Mrs. Caldershaw's murder, and with—I must confess it—the face of Gertrude Monk, to permit me to think of Lady Mabel Wotton and her woeful, elderly or otherwise.

Lady Mabel herself appeared a day or so later, and at an inopportune moment, for her brother and I were greatly fatigued with what had occurred during the interval. However, we returned from Mootley in my renovated Rippler on the third day, and found her waiting impatiently for afternoon tea in Cannington's quarters. She was a tall, fresh-colored, dashing girl, amazingly like her brother, and if he had worn her tailor-made dress instead of his khaki I do not think any one, unless a very close observer, would have been the wiser. I had known the family for more years than I cared to remember, and liked Lady Mabel immensely, as she was outspoken and companionable, and did not want a man to be always telling her that she was a goddess. All the same she could flirt when inclined, although she never did so

with me. It could not have been my age, for I was younger than this uncomfounded Marr she came to talk about; so I presume she looked upon me as Cannington's elder brother. At all events, our friendship was always prosaic and matter of fact.

We had tea, while Lady Mabel presided and told us how that she had just come down for an hour, and that she was very miserable, and that Cannington ought to have written her, and that she did not know what to do, though Cyrus—that was me—might give some advice and—

"I never give advice," I interrupted hastily. "I'm not clever enough."

"I never said you were," she retorted. "But you are slow and sure."

"Thanks, Lady Mabel."

"I think you're just horrid, and why you should be so stiff with me I don't know, seeing that you knew Cannington and myself since we could toddle."

"Oh, come now, I'm not so old as all that."

"You are, and ever so much older, you—you—bachelor."

"I can't help that, since you refuse to marry me," I said smiling.

"You've never asked me to—not that I would accept you," she replied promptly. "All the same, you needn't call me Lady Mabel, as if you were keeping me off with a pitchfork."

"Well, then—Mabel."

"That's better." She gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder. "You know that I look on you as a good sort, Cyrus, and the oldest friend we have."

I wriggled. "Why do you emphasize age so much?"

Cannington laughed, and I knew that he was thinking of my admiration of Miss Monk's photograph. Vance doesn't like to be reminded of his age—now."

"Why now?" questioned Lady Mabel suspiciously.

"Oh, never mind," I said crossly. "What do you want my advice about?"

Our fair companion put down her cup in despair. "Haven't I been telling you for the last half hour, Mr. Marr wants to marry me. He asked me four days ago, and then came down to enlist Cannington on his side."

(To be continued)

President Helps Orphans. Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the President of the Industrial and Orphans' Home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used Electric Bitters in this institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. We regard it as one of the best family medicines on earth." It invigorates all vital organs, purifies the blood, aids digestion, creates appetite. To strengthen and build up pale, thin, weak children or run-down people it has no equal. Best for female complaints. Only 50c at Ardmore Pharmacy.

If there's such a thing as untold agony it is the secret a woman is compelled to keep.

DON'T GET RUN DOWN Weak and miserable. If you have Kidney or Bladder trouble, Dull head pains, Dizziness, Nervousness, Pains in the back, and feel tired all over, get a package of Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF, the pleasant herb cure. It never fails. We have many testimonials from grateful people who have used this wonderful remedy. As a regulator it has no equal. Ask for Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf at Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N.Y.